BIRTHDAY BOY: ERNEST HEMINGWAY

The newborn squinted and squirmed as the strong morning sun shone through the maternity ward window and silhouetted his already forming mustache. The nurse on duty, Maria, a strong sinewy Cuban—a refugee of the revolution—lifted a small rum-filled baby bottle to his parched lips and said, “bebe baby,” and he drank, and it was good. And true.

So began the life—at least in my imagination—of Ernest Hemingway, one of the greatest of American writers, on this very day in the summer of 1899.

If you have a beyond 4th-grade education, then odds are that you’ve read one or more of his books: For Whom the Bell Tolls (spoiler: it tolls for thee!), The Sun Also Rises (spoiler: bulls die!), The Old Man and the Sea (spoiler: fish die!).

In addition to great writing, Hemingway’s ways (good, huh?) and travels inspired many a young American (ok, me) to explore Europe, be it Spain, France, or Italy, all haunts of the Nobel Prize-winning author. And, one would hope, bring a little of the old world culture back to our relatively new-born country, still squinting and squirming in the morning sun while awaiting our baby bottle of rum.

QUOTE OF THE DAY

“I love sleep. My life has the tendency to fall apart when I’m awake.” —Ernest Hemingway